

BOYS' LIFE

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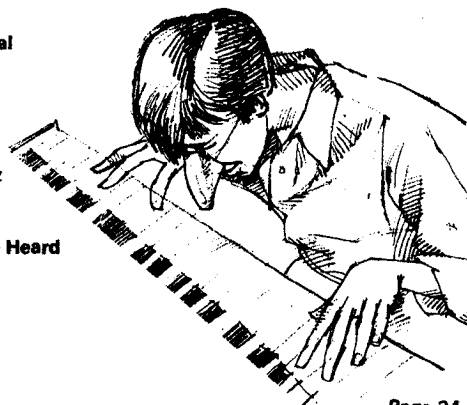
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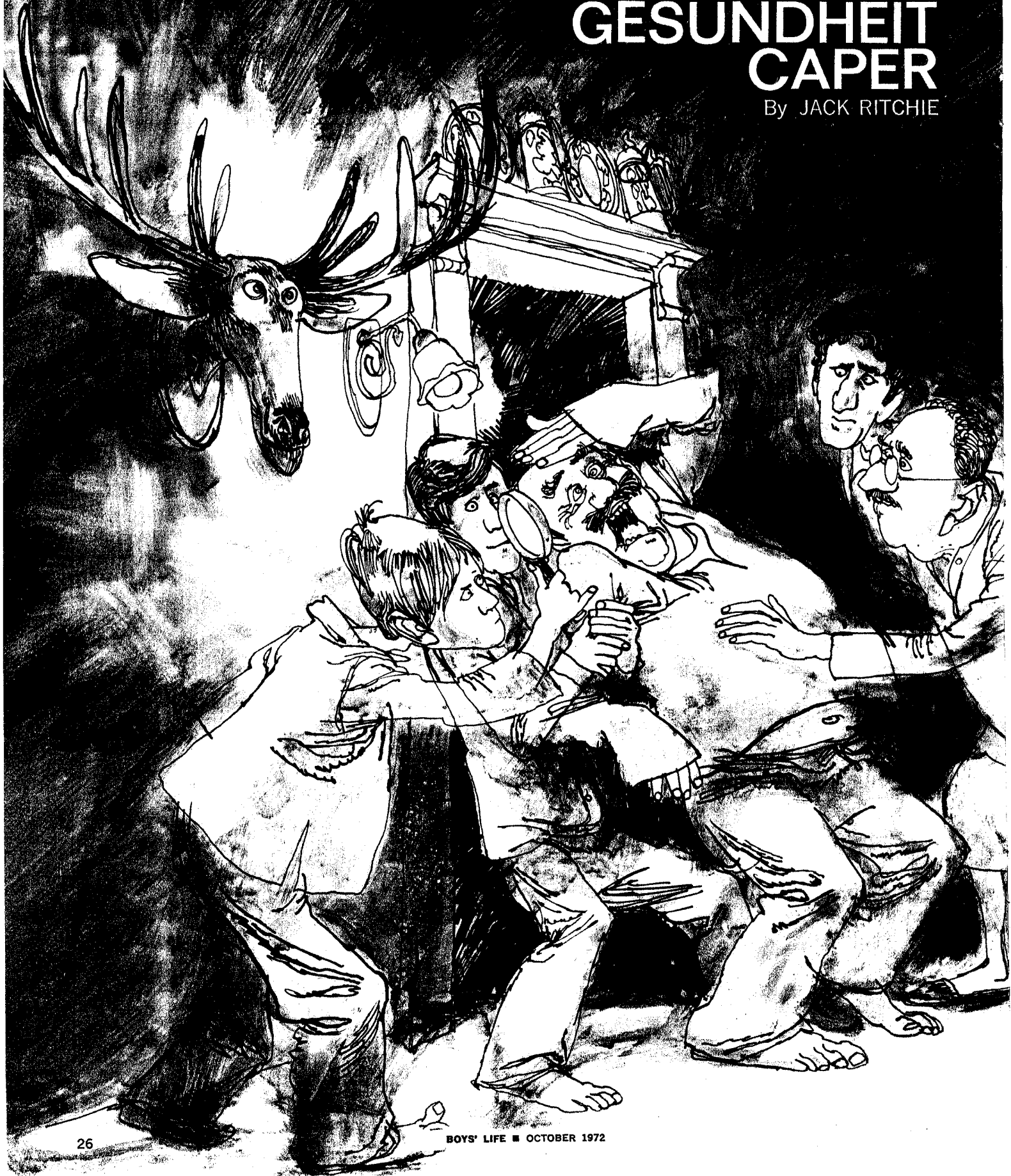
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I woke up when someone yelled: "Help! Help! I have been murdered!"

THE GESUNDHEIT CAPER

By JACK RITCHIE



Herr Schimmel snapped open the blue velvet case. "There it is. The Star of Liechtenstein."

I could see that it was a necklace with a thin gold chain and some things sparkling at the end.

Major Wilkerson squinted slightly. "How big is the

center diamond?" he asked.

"Nearly five carats," Schimmel said proudly. "More than twice the size of the Star of Andorra. And, as you will notice, it is surrounded by amethysts and a multitude of lapis lazuli."

The reason that I'm in Liechtenstein is that I'm the exchange student for the year. That means, Stevenson High, back in the States, gets a student from Liechtenstein and sends one of its own over here to the Gymnasium, which is what they call a high school.

I'm boarding with the Bentheimers, not too far from the country's capital, Vaduz, and they operate an inn. That's a place where they board people, mostly tourists who happened to come through Liechtenstein or got lost.

The Bentheimers have a son, Heinrich, who's my age and in my Gymnasium class

and we get along just fine.

Herr Schimmel continued: "The Star of Liechtenstein was found in the steaming jungles of India over 100 years ago by the famous Liechtenstein explorer, adventurer, and raconteur, Erich Mittlehaus. He removed it from the forehead of a small idol and presented it to the city of Vaduz and today it is the only municipally owned blue diamond in the free world."

Dr. Galvani leaned
(Continued on page 57)



Herr Schimmel stood in the doorway. "I have been attacked," he announced. "Possibly fatally."

Gesundheit Caper

➔ (Continued from page 27)

forward. "I suppose there's a curse on it?"

"There is still some speculation on this," Herr Schimmel said. "Our scholars are continuing to do research. But let me tell you, whenever anybody wearing a turban comes through Liechtenstein, we keep a sharp look on him."

We were all in the public parlor of the inn. Outside it was night and it was beginning to snow.

Besides the Bentheimers and me, there was Major Wilkerson, who was retired from the English army and touring Europe, and Dr. Galvani from Italy who was here to catch the skiing.

The Star of Liechtenstein is usually kept in the safe at the Vaduz town hall, but Herr Schimmel had it with him because he was going to exhibit it at the International Trade Fair for Class C Nations, which this year was being held in San Marino, and he wanted to leave real early in the morning.

He was also taking along a Volkswagen load of ethnic costumes, like lederhosen and folk-dance dresses, and he even had a box of edelweiss keeping fresh in the Bentheimer's refrigerator.

He snapped the case shut and put it back in his jacket pocket. He stifled a yawn and then looked at his pocket watch. "It is not yet late, but I shall retire early so that tomorrow I will be alert and on my toes."

Heinrich and I had already done our homework—of which they give plenty in Liechtenstein—and so we watched television for a while.

I'd seen most of the programs

before, back home, but if you've never seen "Mod Squad" done in the Liechtenstein dialect, you're missing something.

We were just about to turn in after the 10 o'clock news, when

the front door of the inn opened, letting in some snow and this tall man who was pretty well bundled up and had what you might call burning black eyes. ➔



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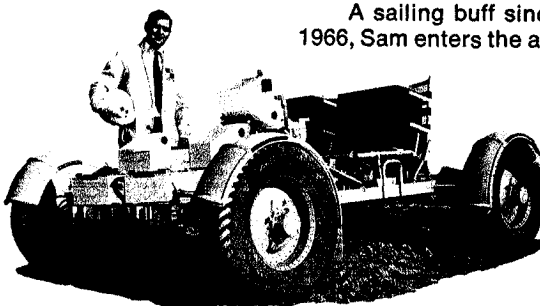
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He explained himself to the Bentheimers. "My name is Kasim. I find traveling on the road is becoming extremely difficult because of the snow and I thought that perhaps I could

be put up here for the night?" Heinrich and I watched him sign the register, and then we went up to our room and got into our pajamas.

Heinrich frowned. "Would

you not say that this Kasim came from the mysterious East?"

"Don't worry about it," I said. "He wasn't wearing a turban." I looked out of the window.

The moon was really full and it was snowing pretty hard. Outside at the end of the driveway I could see the guests' cars already covered with two or three inches of snow.

I got under my thick feather quilt and fell asleep right away.

It was about two in the morning when I woke up and so did Heinrich. The reason for that was that someone was yelling, "Help! Help! I have been murdered!"

We rushed out into the hall, which was filling with the other people who'd been awakened up, and there stood Herr Schimmel in the doorway of his room, holding the side of his head.

"I have been attacked and struck," he announced. "Possibly fatally." He took his hand away from his head, and sure enough, there was this bump forming.

He turned to Dr. Galvani. "Would you please have a look at my head and make a careful diagnosis?"

Dr. Galvani cleared his throat. "Actually I am a doctor of philosophy. You'd be surprised at how often a situation such as this occurs. Yesterday on my way here a child got trainsick and his mother expected me to..."

Heinrich's father, wearing a flannel nightgown, examined Schimmel's wound. "Your head seems solid enough. I do not think anything is broken."

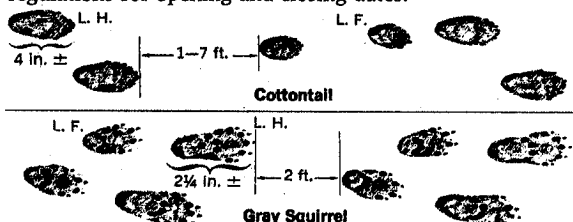
Schimmel drank from a glass of water somebody had handed him. "I was lying peacefully asleep when I felt hands on my throat and as I rose to pro-

One of a continuing series. *Remington Reports*

Make small-game hunting hard on yourself.

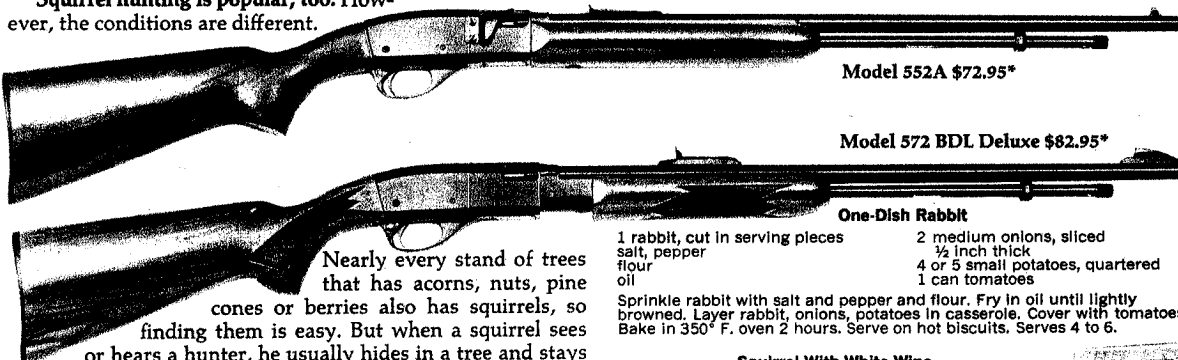
Hunting rabbits and squirrels with a 22 is a real challenge. Here are some tips that'll lead you to some real sharpshooting... some real sport... and put some meat in the pot, too.

Rabbits are by far our most popular small game. They are found almost everywhere and present a very sporting target—especially for riflemen. They also make good eating. There are a number of species, each with its own habits, found in America, so if you're hunting in a strange locale, the easiest way to get started is to check the local farmers. They usually regard wild rabbits as pests and will be glad to show you where to find them. Always consult your state hunting regulations for opening and closing dates.



Once you're in a likely area, the fun begins. The western jackrabbit tends to run from a hunter—and he can reach speeds of 45 miles per hour! On the other hand, the eastern cottontail tends to hide, and you've got to make him break cover. A good dog that can go into the thickets after them is invaluable. When a cottontail comes bursting out of the brush, you're in for some real fast action that can help improve your shooting. East or west, north or south, a running rabbit is not an easy target for a rifle.

Squirrel hunting is popular, too. However, the conditions are different.



Nearly every stand of trees that has acorns, nuts, pine cones or berries also has squirrels, so finding them is easy. But when a squirrel sees or hears a hunter, he usually hides in a tree and stays there. Unlike a rabbit, no amount of noise or commotion is going to budge a squirrel. Sitting still and quiet will often produce good results.

Early morning is the best time to hunt squirrels. You can usually hear them in the trees, scolding or dropping shells. Once you hear one, study the tree carefully to find him. Squirrels are curious, so a squirrel call can sometimes bring

them into view. Experts recommend the use of a scope both for spotting the game and sighting.

Going after rabbits and squirrels calls for a 22 that's accurate, easy to handle and fast-firing. Among the fine Remington repeaters, a good choice would be either our Model 552 "Speedmaster" Automatic or our Model 572 "Fieldmaster" Pump-Action rifle. Both are tube-fed and hold 20 short, 17 long or 15 long rifle cartridges to give you the firepower you need. Their receivers are grooved for "tip-off" scope mounts, and both have a cross-bolt safety at the rear of the trigger.

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And, to make the most of the game you take, get a copy of the Remington "Wild Game Cookbook". It's available through your Remington dealer or by sending \$2.95 to: Sportsmen's Library, P.O. Box 731, Dept. FA, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06601. It's part of the Remington Sportsmen's Library and belongs on every serious hunter's bookshelf. Here are a couple of recipes (shown below) from it.

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Model 552A \$72.95*

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One-Dish Rabbit

1 rabbit, cut in serving pieces
salt, pepper
flour
oil
2 medium onions, sliced
1/2 inch thick
4 or 5 small potatoes, quartered
1 can tomatoes
Sprinkle rabbit with salt and pepper and flour. Fry in oil until lightly browned. Layer rabbit, onions, potatoes in casserole. Cover with tomatoes. Bake in 350° F. oven 2 hours. Serve on hot biscuits. Serves 4 to 6.

Squirrel With White Wine

4 squirrels, cut in serving pieces
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup olive oil
salt, pepper
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1/2 teaspoon rosemary
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup chicken broth
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 cups sliced mushrooms
Sauté squirrel in butter and oil until lightly browned; add salt and pepper to taste, garlic, rosemary, wine and broth; simmer until nearly done, turning often. Add parsley and mushrooms; cook 5 minutes. Serves 4.



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test, I was struck by this shadowy figure."

"How long were you unconscious?" Major Wilkerson asked.

"Actually I was not rendered fully unconscious," Schimmel said. "Merely stunned and surprised. It took me perhaps only a minute to recover and rise."

Schimmel's eyes got a little wide and so we all turned to see what they got wide about.

It was Kasim coming out of his room, wearing a silk robe.

Schimmel dashed back into his room and brought out his jacket. He took out the blue velvet case and opened it.

The Star of Liechtenstein was gone.

Schimmel glared at Kasim. "From which country are you? From India, perhaps?"

"West Pakistan," Kasim said.

"Ha!" Schimmel said, "That is close enough. Your people have sent you to recover the Star of Liechtenstein. However, it will not work. We have laws in Liechtenstein, you know."

Kasim raised an eyebrow. "The Star of Liechtenstein? I have heard of it. Is it not approximately the size of the Star of the Canary Islands?"

"Bigger," Schimmel said firmly.

Kasim seemed interested. "How much is the Star of Liechtenstein worth?"

Schimmel snorted. "Worth? Let us say that it is invaluable. After all, how many small idols with diamonds in their foreheads are there left?"

Heinrich moved into Schimmel's room. "There it is.

The weapon that struck Herr Schimmel. That heavy glass ashtray on the table beside his bed."

Heinrich smiled all around. "You will notice that there is

tobacco ash scattered about the floor and also upon the bedclothes. Therefore I conclude that the intruder used the ashtray as his weapon."

Major Wilkerson peered at it.

"In that case the boulder's fingerprints ought to be still on it."

Heinrich shook his head. "You will also notice that the ashtray is not only empty, but almost sparkling" ➔

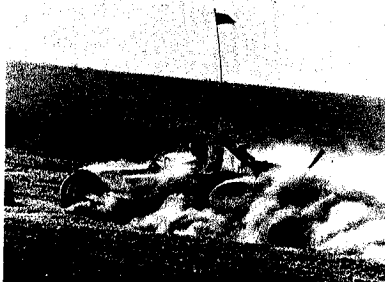
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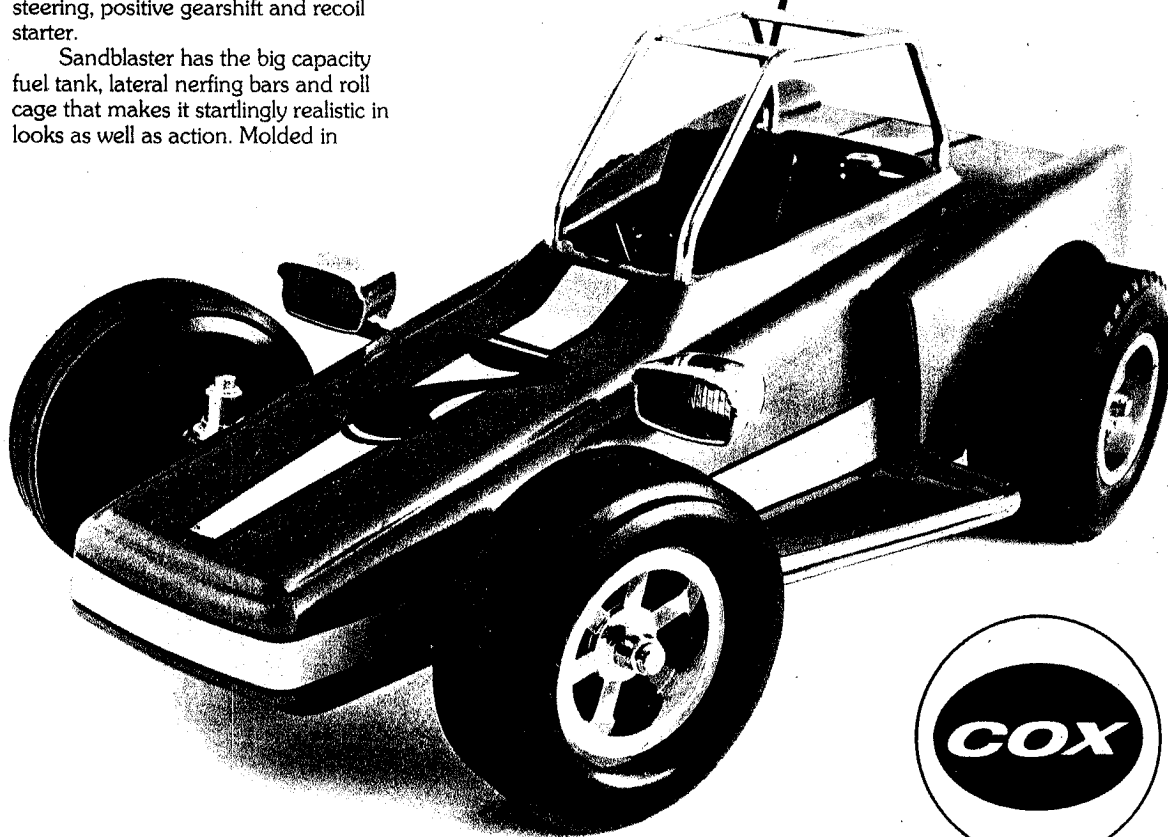


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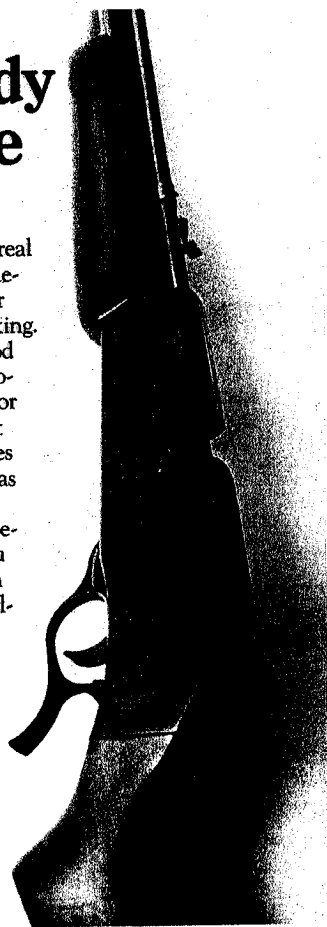


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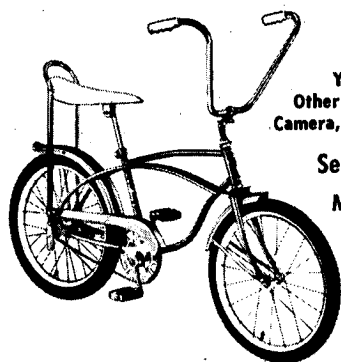
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clean. No, the assailant suddenly realized, after striking Herr Schimmel, that his fingerprints would be on the ashtray. So he hastily wiped them off before he fled." Heinrich tapped his forehead significantly. "It is these little things that one must observe. The dot over the 't,' the cross through the 'i.'"

Schimmel pointed at Kasim. "I demand that this man be searched."

Heinrich's father held up a hand. "I think we should let the authorities do this. I will call the police in Vaduz."

We all followed him downstairs to the wall phone in the kitchen.

When he hung up, he turned to us and smiled. "The police are assigning Inspector Dittmann to this case. He is the finest police official in all of Liechtenstein and it is known that he wears his uniform to breakfast, even on his days off."

Heinrich disappeared for about five minutes and then returned. "I have been to north, south, east, and west windows. The snow about the house, of which there is considerable, does not contain one single footprint upon it, either coming in or leaving. Therefore this is what is known as a Contained Situation. The assailant and thief is at this very moment still in the house."

"Would anybody like a nice hot cup of coffee?" Frau Bentheimer asked.

We were all sitting at the big table in the dining room having coffee and cheese cake, when the phone rang.

Heinrich's father answered it and came back. "That was Inspector Dittmann's wife. At this moment she has her four daughters helping her husband shovel the snow out of their driveway. It should not be long before the inspector arrives."

Heinrich rubbed his jaw. "If the thief is intelligent, he must know that his person, his be-

longings, and this entire house, if necessary, will be thoroughly searched. Therefore he must have supreme confidence in the hiding place he has chosen for the Star of Liechtenstein. Perhaps he has discovered some secret hiding place in the house?"

Heinrich's father shook his head. "This inn has been in the family for 300 years. If there is a secret hiding place I am certain that my father or my grandfather would have told me. We were all very close."

After about 15 minutes the phone rang again.

Heinrich's father took the call and came back. "The inspector's daughters have successfully pushed him out of his driveway and he is now on his way to the police station where he will assemble his men. He will be here soon."

Heinrich helped himself to some cheese cake. "Last year Inspector Dittmann solved the disappearance of Frau Bie-miller's chickens when he apprehended two German hikers at the border. The evidence was still in their packs, dressed, but not yet cooked."

Dr. Galvani took a handkerchief out of his pocket and sneezed.

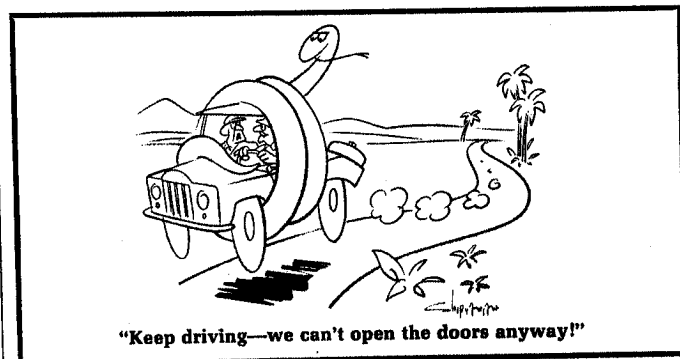
"Gesundheit," everybody said, except Herr Schimmel.

He looked hard at Dr. Galvani. "Perhaps the thief had sufficient time to dart outside bareheaded and conceal the Star of Liechtenstein, during which process he caught cold?"

Dr. Galvani's jaw was thrust forward slightly. "Germs do not work that fast. If I stole the necklace and caught cold, I would not begin sneezing until tomorrow. This much medicine I know."

Heinrich shook his head. "No one left the house for even a brief moment. The snow outside would certainly show his footprints if he had."

Dr. Galvani sneezed again.



He got another round of *gesundheits*.

Heinrich stared at Dr. Galvani and then seemed to brighten. "After the thief struck Herr Schimmel with the ashtray he wiped off his fingerprints, no?"

We nodded.

Heinrich smiled. "But with what did he wipe off his fingerprints? I remember distinctly that except for the scattered tobacco ashes on Herr Schimmel's bed, there was no actual smear anywhere, such as would have been made had the thief used any of the bedclothes to wipe off the ashtray. Then what did he use?"

We didn't know.

Heinrich's smile widened. "Why not his handkerchief?"

Why not? We all agreed.

"And so," Heinrich said, "if he used his handkerchief to wipe out the ashtray, then certainly that handkerchief should have some tobacco ash stains upon it, no?"

Heinrich frowned thoughtfully. "It is possible he has thrown away this handkerchief by now, but on the other hand it remains a good bet that he has retained it—probably on his person at this very moment—because he was not aware until I brought up the subject, that there exists such a stain to incriminate. After all, it was dark in Herr Schimmel's room when he wiped the ashtray."

Heinrich looked around the room. "Of course I do not have the authority to search any of you, but it would be highly appreciated if you will volunteer to exhibit

your handkerchiefs to me."

All of us pulled out handkerchiefs from our pockets.

Except Major Wilkerson.

We stared at him.

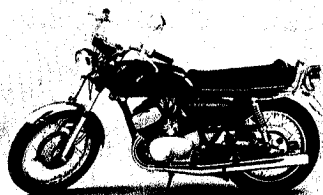
His face got red. "Coincident-

ly I do believe my handkerchief has some smears on it. However they are boot-polish stains. I distinctly remember wiping some polish off my hands yesterday morning—or perhaps it

was even the day before."

Heinrich smiled. "In that case you will, of course, have no objection in giving the handkerchief to Inspector Dittmann? He will send it to ➔

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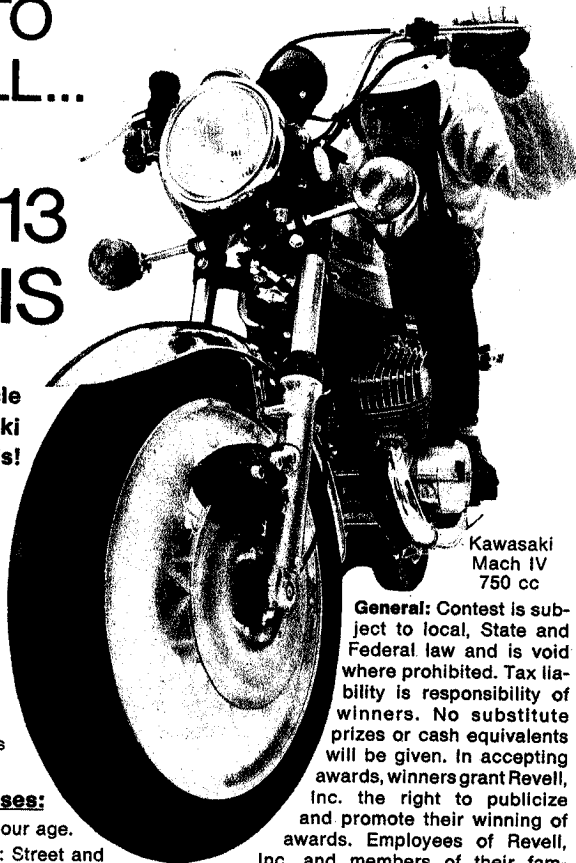
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Contest is open to any amateur model builder in the USA and Canada. Just build a model using the basic engine from any 1/8 scale kit. Any other parts may be scratch built or from kits. Take a picture of it and send one to four photos to us with a fifty word description. You can enter as many models as you want. If you are a finalist, we'll notify you how and when to send your model in for final judging. Models will be judged on workmanship, detailing, originality, paint and decals, authenticity/feasibility, and special parts and materials. Judges' decisions are final.

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Your models will be judged against models submitted by others of your age. Three divisions: 11 or younger, 13-17 and 18 and over. Two classes: Street and Custom Class (both 2 and 3 wheelers) ... and Off-Road and Racing Class.

How to submit an entry: You'll need an official entry form. Get one at your Revell dealer, in a Revell motorcycle kit (specially marked on the front) or by sending in a stamped self-addressed envelope to REVELL 2nd ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE MODELING CONTEST, 4220 Glencoe, Venice, Calif. 90291. It has all the details. Get with it and get a Kawasaki!



Kawasaki
Mach IV
750 cc

General: Contest is subject to local, State and Federal law and is void where prohibited. Tax liability is responsibility of winners. No substitute prizes or cash equivalents will be given. In accepting awards, winners grant Revell, Inc. the right to publicize and promote their winning of awards. Employees of Revell, Inc. and members of their families are not eligible. All entries (Photos and Descriptions) become the property of Revell, Inc. None can be returned. Contest closes January 31, 1973. Entries received after that date become eligible for the next year's contest.

Over 250 Prizes in All!

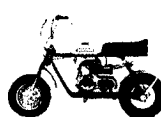
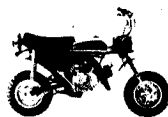
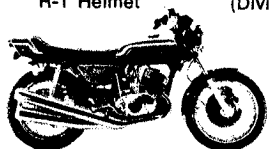
Grand Prize
Kawasaki Mach IV
750 cc Touring
Machine PLUS Bell
R-T Helmet

First Prizes
4 Kawasaki F6 125 cc Moto-Enduro
Bikes (Divisions II & III)
2 Kawasaki 75MT Dyna-Mite Bikes
(Division I) PLUS Bell R-T Helmets

Second Prizes
6 Kawasaki MB-1A
Coyotes (All 3
Divisions) PLUS Bell
R-T Helmets

Third Prizes
30 Bell R-T
Motorcycle Helmets

Fourth Prizes
60 Kawasaki
Racing Jackets

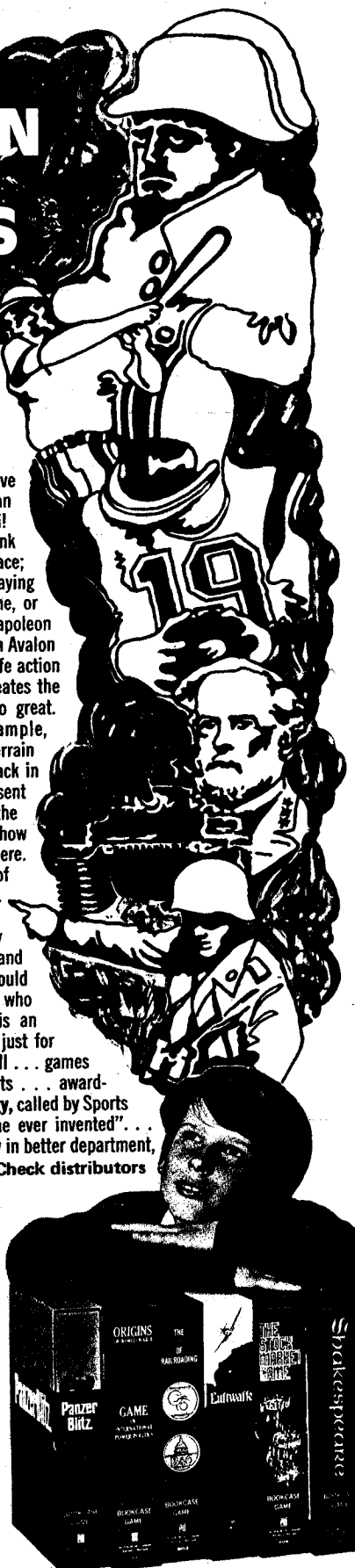


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the police laboratory in Geneva —with whom we have a reciprocal law and order treaty— where the stain will be analyzed and compared with the ashes of Herr Schimmel's tobacco."

Major Wilkerson seemed to chew on his mustache for a while. "All right. Perhaps I do have Schimmel's tobacco ash stains on my handkerchief. However I doubt very much if it is enough to convict me of anything without the *corpus delicti*, which in this case happens to be the Star of Liechtenstein itself."

He helped himself to more cheese cake.

We all stared at him again and I wondered if he was really a major retired from the English army or an international jewel thief fallen on bad times.

"Would anyone like some more coffee?" Frau Bentheimer asked.

The phone rang and Heinrich's father went to answer it. When he came back, he said, "That was Inspector Dittmann himself calling from the Riedl farm half a mile from here. He and his men are temporarily stalled in a snowdrift and must wait for the arrival of a snowplow. We are not to despair."

Heinrich was thinking again.

"Herr Schimmel, you say that Major Wilkerson choked you?" he asked.

Schimmel touched his head. "Now that I think upon this again, he was not actually choking me. But he had a grasp upon the shirt-front of my pajamas. Then he struck me."

Heinrich seemed puzzled. "You were asleep. The major could easily have taken the Star of Liechtenstein without wakening you. Then why did he?"

Major Wilkerson put sugar into his coffee.

Heinrich blinked. "But of course. The thief, realizing that he and the house would certainly be thoroughly searched, knew that he would have to hide the Star of Liechtenstein somewhere outside."

Schimmel frowned. "But how could he do that without leaving footprints in the snow?"

Heinrich had a victory smile. "Suppose the robbery actually took place hours earlier? The major slipped into your room and quietly removed the Star of Liechtenstein without waking you up. Then he hid the necklace outside. After that he waited several hours until the snow had covered his footsteps completely and then he returned to your room. There he deliberate-



ly woke you and struck you firmly, but rather lightly, with the ashtray, so that you would rouse the entire household and all of us would assume that the necklace had been stolen only a few moments before."

Schimmel seemed depressed by a sudden thought.

"Obviously the major will not tell us where he has hidden the Star of Liechtenstein. We will have to wait until the spring thaw to find it."

Heinrich didn't think so. "It is my further speculation that the thief was so confident of his scheme that he had the devil-may-care gall to hide the Star of Liechtenstein in his own car."

We watched Major Wilkerson yawn.

I guess he hadn't been that devil-may-care after all. But on the other hand, I thought that Heinrich might still have something there because Major Wilkerson's eyes had flickered just a little bit.

"Maybe not in his own car," I said. "But in somebody's car."

Heinrich gave that thought and then brightened. "And I know which one it is."

Personally I didn't see how it made much difference which one. Inspector Dittmann could search them all until he found it. But Heinrich was deducing.

"Not in Dr. Galvani's car, or Herr Schimmel's, or Mr. Kasim's. After all, they could simply drive away and the major would lose track of the necklace forever. No, there had to be some permanency—some place where he could

claim the Star of Liechtenstein at his safety and convenience." Heinrich turned to his father. "And that would be our car. There he could leave it for weeks or months and then some

day return casually, register for the night, and pick up the necklace while we were all asleep."

Major Wilkerson put down his coffee cup. "Very well, let us suppose that the Star of Liech-

enstein is found in your car, Herr Bentheimer. How does that implicate me?" He smiled with kind of sharp teeth. "Frankly, sir, I rather think that it puts you on the spot. ➔

NFL PRO BOWL...YOU COULD BE ON THE 50 YARD LINE!



Vote for the Wheaties "NFL Rookies-of-the-Year"

You may win a trip for two to the NFL Pro Bowl and a new American Motors Javelin! By voting for your choice of the NFL Rookies-of-the-Year you become eligible for the Wheaties prize drawings. It makes no difference whom you vote for, anyone who votes has a chance to win any of these prizes.

2 Grand Prizes

An American Motors JAVELIN will be awarded to 2 of the 10 first prize winners. This Javelin is being awarded to the grand prize winners and the two top Rookies of the Year.



(approx. retail value \$3,125 ea.)

10 First Prizes

FLY VIA AMERICAN AIRLINES—An all expense paid trip for two to the NFL Rookies-of-the-Year Awards Ceremony in Dallas as well as attendance at the January 1973 NFL Pro Bowl Game in Dallas. You will be staying at the luxurious Sheraton-Dallas Hotel. Meet and talk with the 10 top Rookies in Pro Football. Imagine yourself flying to Dallas aboard an American Airlines DC-10 LuxuryLiner. American also flies the 747 LuxuryLiner and the 707B LuxuryJet. Our passengers get the best of everything.



(approx. value \$700)

1000 Second Prizes

Classic knit shirts with the alligator insignia from Izod and Izod j.g. will be awarded to the next 1000 entrants whose ballots are drawn.



(ret. value \$11 ea.)

HERE'S HOW TO VOTE: Fill in the names and teams of your choices for NFL Rookies-of-the-Year. Choose one from the American Conference and one from the National Conference. Clip out the Wheaties ballot and send it in with one Wheaties box bottom or a piece of 3" x 5" paper on which you have printed the name "WHEATIES." Make sure your selections have what it takes to be Rookies of the Year.

The ten Rookies pulling the most votes (5 from the NFC and 5 from the AFC) will become official finalists and will be flown to Dallas via American Airlines for the Wheaties NFL Rookies of the

Year Awards Presentation.

A panel of Pro Football experts from the Pro Football Hall of Fame of Canton, Ohio and the NEA (Newspaper Enterprise Association) will then select the Wheaties NFL Rookies-of-the-Year from the ten finalists. One from the NFC and one from the AFC.

The eight runners-up will receive cash prizes of \$500 each. The two winners will ride away in brand new Javelins. Along with them will go the coveted Bert Bell Trophy and the distinctive honor of being chosen this year's Wheaties NFL Rookies-of-the-Year.

OFFICIAL RULES

- On a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper or on a WHEATIES ROOKIE SWEEPSTAKES Entry Blank, print your name, full address and zip code.
- With each entry, please enclose a Wheaties box bottom or a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper on which you have printed in block letters the name WHEATIES. If you are using the entry blank on the Wheaties package back, no box bottom or facsimile is required, thereby allowing you to mail your entry without an envelope.
- NO PURCHASE REQUIRED. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to:
Wheaties Rookies of the Year Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 848 Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460
- The Ten First Prizes of 3-day all expense paid trips to the Dallas Pro Bowl and Rookie Awards Ceremony, January, 1973 includes the winner and his/her chosen guest. The "All Expense Paid" statement as contained in this promotion means that there will be no charge to the winning pair for round-trip airfare from the nearest commercial airport, and reasonable board and room expenses. Each of the ten prize winning pairs will receive a one-time cash payment of \$100 for personal and incidental expenses, and will attend the NFL Pro Bowl Rookies of the Year Awards Ceremony as the guest of Wheaties.
- Two Grand Prizes will be 1973 American Motors Javelin cars and will be awarded by a drawing to two of the ten first prize winners.
- The One Thousand Second Prizes will be Izod knit sport shirts. Winners

19, 1972.

will be able to select size and color.

7. Prize winners will be determined by random drawings, conducted by an independent judging organization whose decision will be final. Your chance of winning is not dependent or related to your choice of Rookies of the Year. Prizes are non-transferable. No cash alternate or substitution for prizes as offered. Limit one prize per family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

8. All taxes, if any, will be the responsibility of the prize winners.

9. This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the Continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii. Employees and their families of General Mills, Inc., National Football League, American Motors and American Airlines, their advertising agencies and the judging organization will not be eligible. Void in the states of

Washington, Idaho, Missouri, Georgia and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and Local laws and regulations apply.

10. Winners will be notified by mail within 30 days after the drawing, which will take place the week of December 19, 1972. First Prize winners will be notified by phone and telegram by December 27, 1972. The complete list of winners, certified by the judges, will be available for examination at the general offices of General Mills, Inc., and the judging organization following the awarding of prizes. You may obtain a list of winners of the 1,012 top prizes by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

**Wheaties Rookies of the Year Sweepstakes Winners
400 Second Avenue South
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460**



Send to: **Wheaties Rookies-of-the-Year Sweepstakes**
P.O. Box 848, Minneapolis, Minn. 55460

Please enter my name in the Wheaties Sweepstakes drawing. Enclosed is one Wheaties Box Bottom or a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper with the word "WHEATIES" printed on it. Here are my selections:

AFC ROOKIE

name _____

team _____

name _____

address _____

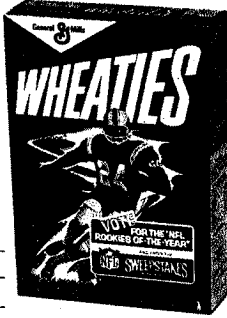
city _____ state _____ zip _____

NFC ROOKIE

name _____

team _____

phone _____



How has business been lately, Herr Bentheimer? Falling off a bit? Thought perhaps you might augment your income by pinching the Star of Liechtenstein, eh?"

Heinrich's father got to his feet and it looked as if he might explode.

I put up a hand quickly. "It seems to me that if the major didn't think about fingerprints

on the ashtray until the last second, so to speak—and that was hours after the real robbery—then maybe he didn't think about them when he actually stole the Star of Liechtenstein.

I'll bet there are fingerprints on the necklace, probably on the smooth back of the pendant thing that holds the diamond and all those famous jewels. I wonder how he can explain that to Inspector Dittmann?"

Major Wilkerson frowned and it looked as if he was trying to think back. Then he sighed heavily.

We had him.

Major Wilkerson got slowly to his feet and looked us over. "I'm afraid I must be going."

He went for the front door—and we let him.

Then we congregated around the open doorway to see how he would do out there, considering that it was still snowing and there was about three feet of the stuff over everything, including his car, the driveway, and the road beyond the gates.

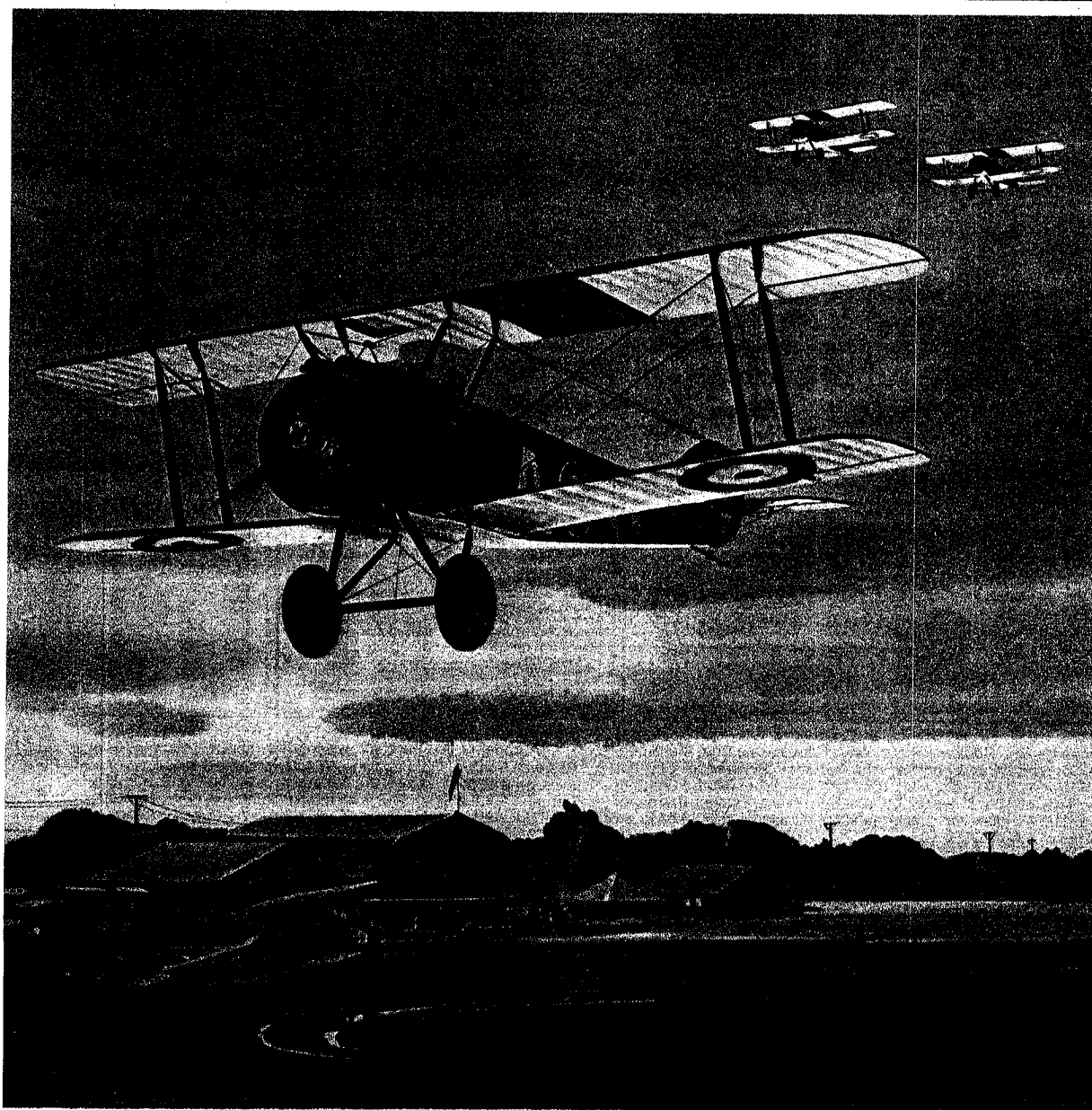
He lost his slippers on the first half-dozen steps, and then hit a low spot and sank into the snow up to his chest.

He stood there, in the moonlight, looking at what was ahead, then he turned and made his way back to the house.

Inside, he brushed snow off his dressing gown, pajamas, and bare feet, while Frau Bentheimer got him another pair of slippers.

He sighed. "Besides that, I suddenly remembered that I left my ignition keys in my trousers upstairs."

Inspector Dittmann and his men arrived 20 minutes later. On skis, Frau Bentheimer met them at the door. "Would all of you like a nice hot cup of coffee?"



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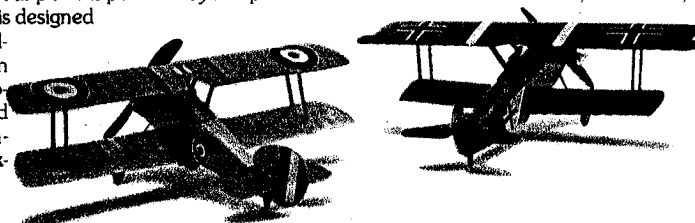
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